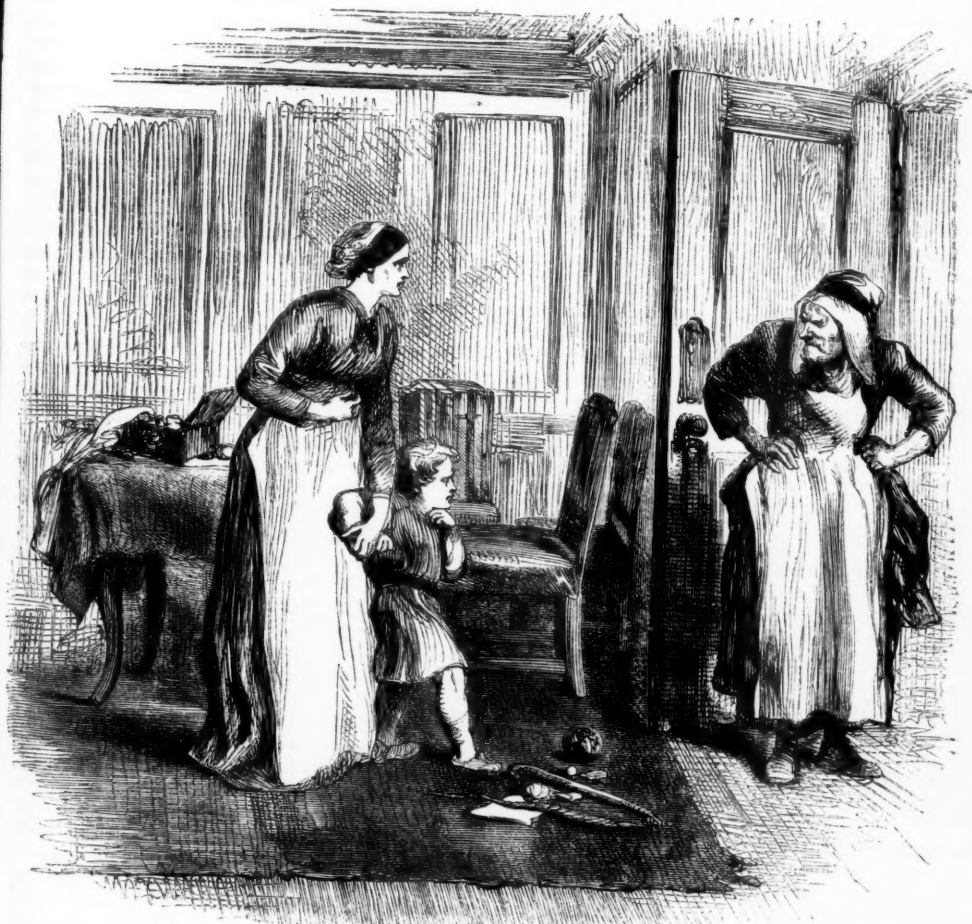


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



"AS SOON AS MY HUSBAND COMES HOME, I WILL ASK HIM WHO IS TO BE MISTRESS HERE."

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.—THE BEGINNING.

To begin at the beginning. My earliest recollections are connected with a small country village in Sussex, about four or five miles from the coast. The place itself had nothing remarkable to commend it to particular notice. There was a long straggling street, consisting chiefly of one-storied cottages,

with white-washed walls and straw-thatched roofs, inhabited by farm labourers. There was, of course, a church—a very old one, and ivy-covered up to the steeple; and a parsonage house, large and old-fashioned, I believe; but I never entered it, and it was so inclosed within high brick garden walls and shrubberies, that only the chimneys were visible from the road. There was also, of course, a public-house in the village, the sign of which indicated a

plough. It was a moderate-sized dwelling, standing back from the street, with a row of broad spreading beech trees in front, under which were benches for weary travellers, and water-troughs for their horses. All these trifles are impressed on my memory now, though very many years have elapsed since I last saw the village.

To come to matters more personal to myself, and more pertinent to my own story.

There were a few houses in the village, besides those of the clergyman and the publican, with greater pretensions than the cottages of which I have spoken. Among these few was a red brick dwelling, two-storied and sash-windowed, with a neat flower-garden in front, a good garden and orchard behind, and a stable at the side. This was my home.

Enter the house, and, as far as my memory serves, a straight narrow passage would have led you to a kitchen at the back, while a door on either side opened into two parlours, some fourteen or fifteen feet square. One of these was an ordinary sitting-room, furnished in a comfortable sort of way, without any effort at superior gentility. The other room was "the best parlour;" it was rarely entered, still more rarely used; and very grand it was in my eyes, with its thick Kidderminster carpet of brilliant green and red; its crimson curtains, carefully looped over bright brass pegs; its mahogany chairs and sofa; its polished steel fire-bars, poker, tongs, and shovel; its painted green fender; and its scarlet damask table-cover. But what gave it the greatest charm to me, was the profusion of ornaments with which this "best parlour" was decorated. On a large mahogany bracket, or shelf, for instance, was a miniature cutter, some two or three feet in length, beautifully proportioned and completely rigged. On the walls of the room were hung several paintings, all of them nautical in their subjects; such as a cutter under all sail, a frigate becalmed, a frigate in a gale of wind, a frigate in chase of an enemy, a line-of-battle ship engaged with another liner, and so on.

Again, the broad mantel-piece was decorated with a number of rich and curious foreign sea-shells, a plume of bird of paradise feathers, and an ugly little squat heathen deity, rudely carved out of some hard black wood; while, hung against the walls, between the aforesaid pictures, were here, an Indian bow and arrows, there, a pair of Turkish slippers, a Moorish yatagan, a South Sea Island club, and other wonderful curiosities, too numerous to be either remembered, or mentioned if remembered.

The owner of these knickknacks, and of the house that contained them, was a middle-aged man, with dark hair somewhat grizzled, bushy eyebrows, a sunburnt countenance, herculean in his frame, and taciturn in his ordinary habit. He was my father.

There were four of us in this house. First, there was my father; next, my mother; thirdly, Peggy Crossekeys, an old serving woman, almost as ugly as the little black image on the best parlour mantel-piece, and almost as reticent as her master; last of all was my father's only son and heir—that is to say, myself. A word or two about each of these.

To begin with my mother. She was considerably

younger than my father, and had a pale expressive countenance, not often lighted up by a smile. I have reason to believe that the poor lady was not very happy. She had been nurtured in luxury, and had so offended her friends and relations by her marriage, that almost all intercourse with them had ceased. I knew that I had a grandfather and uncles in a distant part of the country; but I had never seen them, and it was seldom that I heard even their names mentioned.

My mother had little to employ her time. All domestic matters were managed by old Peggy; visitors rarely were seen within the walls of our house, and my mother never visited her richer neighbours in the village. Evidently, even to me when a child, there was some cause of avoidance, which I could not then fathom. It was not poverty, for my father seemed to have plenty of money, and the house in which we lived was his own. We lived in comfort, had abundance of good things to eat and drink, were well clothed, especially my mother and myself: indeed, I remember old Peggy once telling me, in unusual confidence, that there was no lady in or around the village who had so many rich silk dresses and shawls, and so much fine lace to wear, as her mistress—no, not even the parson's wife, or the squire's. She seldom wore these fine silks and laces, however.

To occupy the time, which must have hung heavily on her hands, my poor mother had two or three principal resources. The first was that of educating her only child (myself) up to about the seventh year of his age. She was a gentle teacher, and for this, as for much besides, I love her memory now. The second was that of visiting her poor neighbours in the village, to whom, in times of sickness and distress, she was a messenger of mercy. Her third resource was reading. I am afraid that my mother was more given to romances and novels than to any more solid kind of intellectual sustenance. At any rate, the books she read had, almost all of them, the impress of a circulating library in the nearest town, from which she derived constant supplies.

My father, whose person I have already described, was a man to be feared rather than to be loved: nevertheless, my mother loved him, and so did I; for he was a kind and indulgent husband and father. In his earlier life he had been in the navy, but for some reason which was never explained to me, he left the service in disgust and strong indignation. It was after his retirement that he met with my mother, persuaded her to marry him in spite of all kinds of opposition and obstacles placed in the way, (there was something romantic in this, I may observe in passing,) and brought her home to his newly purchased house in the village.

He was thenceforward a man of leisure, having no ostensible occupation, but generally, as I have hinted, having money at command. He avoided intercourse with, or was avoided by, the gentry around, and his chief employment, when at home, was in cultivating his garden, in which he took great interest.

"When at home," I have written; for sometimes he was absent from home many days at a stretch,

which occasionally extended to two or three weeks; and often, while at home through the day, he would take his departure at night, returning, however, before the dawn of the next day. To facilitate these night journeys, whatever their object, my father kept in his stable a remarkably swift, sure-footed, and docile horse, for which, otherwise, he could have had little use, for he was neither farmer, doctor, nor sportsman.

It was during these journeys, whether longer or shorter, that my mother's unhappiness was evidently greatest. The days were passed in restless excitement, only to be allayed by her efforts to alleviate the distresses of those around; and during those night journeys of my father, she always retired to rest trembling and in tears. Their partings at these times were something painful to witness, and their meetings were almost as painful, though from a different cause.

I have said that my father held no intercourse with his neighbours in the village. But he occasionally had visitors. One of these was a surgeon, who lived in the town of the circulating library; another was a flourishing linen-draper and silk-mercator from the same locality. These both made frequent calls, especially the latter personage, who evidently came to our house by appointment, sometimes dined with us, and at all times behaved with much politeness towards my mother, and with freedom and familiarity towards his host. Whenever he made his appearance, he spent some time with my father in privacy. They had business to transact, as I was given to understand.

My father had other visitors, strangers in the village, who were not so polished as either the doctor or the draper. They were rough seafaring men, coarse enough in their manners, though they always behaved with becoming deference. Their visits were mostly paid at night, or in the dusk of long winter evenings; and whenever they made their appearance, my mother's tremours sensibly increased, until they had taken their departure. With these men, also, my father had private business to transact, no doubt, as they were always closeted in conclave, from which both my mother and myself were excluded. I may add that, though my father was temperate, even to abstemiousness, ardent spirits flowed plentifully towards these visitors; but, let them drink as freely as they might, they never showed signs of intoxication.

I may dismiss Peggy Crosskeys in a few words, and myself in fewer.

The old woman was, as I have said, ugly (at least I thought so) and taciturn. She was also exceedingly ill-tempered and tyrannical. By these qualities she succeeded in making my poor mother's life more unhappy than it might otherwise have been. It was quite plain that my mother stood constantly in awe of old Peggy, and also that Peggy knew her power, and delighted in exercising it.

"Why don't you send her away?" I remember once asking, passionately, when I had witnessed one of the old servant's outbursts of impertinence and disobedience, and was clinging to my mother's skirts as, pale and trembling, she wept over me.

"Oh, I wish I could, David; I only wish I could,"

replied she, faintly. "The wretch will be my death some day, I know; but I dare not cross her; she knows that well enough."

"Why cannot you get rid of her?" I wanted to know; but I received no response except a pathetic request that I would not ask any more questions about Peggy. I obeyed; but I did not think the less about her because of the mystery in which she seemed to be shrouded.

I must do my father the justice to say that he protected my mother from the tyranny of old Peggy, so far as he was able, short of discharging her. But this he would never hear of. She was an old and faithful servant, he said; and if she had her tantrums sometimes, so had others. My mother might go farther and fare worse. So Peggy Crosskeys was our old and only servant from my infancy, and before it, up to the ninth year of my age.

And up to this time I have little to tell of myself. I had no companions of my own age until I was sent to the village day-school. Then I learned to play at marbles, dumps, peg-in-the-ring, and follow-my-leader. I think I became a favourite with the other boys, because my pocket was always pretty liberally supplied with halfpence; and I occasionally picked up some scraps of information out of school, in addition to the learning I acquired within its walls.

"What is a smuggler, mother?" I one day asked of my parent.

My poor mother's usual pallor increased when she heard the question. "Why do you want to know? Who has put such a thought into your head, David?" said she.

"I do want to know, mother. Sam Pethers says that father is a smuggler; and so do the other boys."

"You must not mind what the boys say," rejoined my mother, meekly; and beyond this I could not draw her. But a few minutes afterwards I overheard old Peggy, in her maudering, insolent way, say to my poor mother:—

"What's the reason you did not tell David the truth, missus, I should like to know? He may as well know it now as later. He'll know it some of these days, never fear."

And I heard my mother reply, in a sorrowful voice, "Oh, I hope not. Heaven forbid he should be like his father in that."

"So my father is a smuggler, then," thought I; and I determined to find out for myself what the word meant. I looked into a dictionary, and there I learned that a smuggler is "a wretch who imports or exports goods without payment of the customs."

All this was Greek to me, excepting the word *wretch*; but this stung me.

"If Sam Pethers ever calls my father a smuggler again, I'll see whether his head or my fist is hardest," said I to myself. You see, reader, by this, that my moral training had not been of the happiest character. Before I had the opportunity, however, of trying the threatened experiment, an event occurred which not only enlightened my ignorance of the meaning of the word, but brought about important changes in my history.

CHAPTER II.—MYSTERIES.

"I PROMISE you faithfully, Charlotte, that if this trip is successful, it is the last I will take; so cheer up, my love."

"Really, David? Really the last?"

"Yes, really. I mean to wash my hands of it from this time. It is getting too hot and dangerous to be pleasant. The land-sharks seem to have got fresh scent, some how or other, and there are new brooms come down; and new brooms sweep clean, you know, Charlotte."

"But David, why not give it up before any mischief comes?"

"Because, for one thing, I have not given up the command of the cutter; and for another, it will be such a splendid cargo, that it will be the making of us. You know, Charlotte, as well as I do, that we cannot go on as we have done without money; and——"

"Oh, David, don't think about money: think of me and——"

"Why, that's what I do think of, my love."

I am quite sure that I was not dreaming. I might be between sleeping and waking, but I heard this conversation, and my mother's sobs too, as I lay in my crib one night. I had been asleep some hours, probably, but I was roused by my father and mother coming to their chamber (which was mine also); and though I did not open my eyes, I heard, plainly enough, what passed between them.

This had been altogether an eventful day. Early in the morning our acquaintance the doctor had called to see my mother, whom my father persisted in believing, or declaring at least, to be an invalid, and needing frequent medical advice, though it always appeared to me that my father must have some complaint of his own, which required the doctor's skill, since every visit paid to the wife ended in a close conference with the husband. Then, later in the day, our friend the draper had looked in accidentally, as he said, because he was passing, and he had stayed to dinner, and after dinner had sat some time alone with my father, over their wine. Still later in the day—after dark, for it was winter—Tom Davis, one of the sailors whom I have mentioned, had made port and brought himself to an anchor, as he said, in our kitchen, where he sat two or three hours with my father, smoking and drinking grog, (that is to say, the visitor drank the grog and my father smoked,) while Peggy, banished from her domains, sat with my mother and myself in our sitting-room, until I went to bed. How long Tom Davis stopped after this, or at what hour he got under way, to use his own phrase again, I had no means of judging, for I fell asleep, and was only roused by the earnest though subdued and whispering voice of my parents. I did not hear more than I have set down, or, hearing it, I did not remember more afterwards, for I soon fell asleep again; and before I woke on the following morning, my father had left home, and when I went out, I found that the stable was unlocked and the steed gone. I understood by this that my father had ridden away on one of his mysterious excursions.

Several succeeding days passed very gloomily.

My poor mother was in her usual state of nervous excitement and depression; and old Peggy was more than usually insolent, so much more that her submissive mistress was at length provoked to resistance.

"I will not bear any more of this impertinence, Peggy," she exclaimed; "it shall have an end."

"And welcome to, missus," said Peggy, with a sneer; "for if you arn't tired of it, I am."

"What do you stop for, then?" demanded my mother.

"You know as well as I do, missus," said the old servant, in a tone of provoking contempt.

"I know that you are an ungrateful, wicked creature," retorted my mother, while tears rolled plentifully down her thin pale cheeks; "but it shall not last much longer. As soon as my husband comes home, I will ask him who is to be mistress here."

"Hadn't you better have asked him that before he went away, ma'am?" Peggy replied, with an expression of malice in her brown eyes, which I had sometimes before witnessed, but not so palpably as now.

That my mother was alarmed by this look, and the words it accompanied, was plain enough; but she had the spirit to ask, "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing particular, missus; only everything in the univarse is onsartin, and if master shouldn't come home again, you know."

"You unfeeling creature," cried my mother, in another torrent of tears. "But he will come back, he will; and then you shall leave."

"I'll leave to-day if you like, missus," said Peggy.

My mother reflected. "No," she said, more calmly, "I do not say that, nor wish it. Keep quiet, Peggy, for another fortnight, and then——"

"It will be all the same to me, missus, to-day, or next week, or the week after," Peggy answered coolly; "and as it mayn't be convenient just now, I'll wait." It is impossible for me to convey, in this narrative, the bitter emphasis and hidden meaning the old woman contrived to throw into that word *convenient*. I did not understand it fully, but my mother did.

All through that day, my mother was hysterical at intervals, and I wished our friend the doctor would call. But he did not. He never called to see his patient when her husband was from home.

As night drew near, she became more and more restless, listening for the sound of horses' hoofs, and more than once she started, as she heard, or fancied she heard, some distant sound, and cried, "He is coming now."

But he did not come.

Ten days passed away, and my father was yet absent. Happily for my mother's peace, I may almost say for her sanity, a kind of sullen truce seemed to have been entered into between herself and Peggy. But how long would it last?

Well, ten days passed away, and at night my mother retired as usual to her chamber, but not to sleep—and this also was as usual.

It was ten o'clock, and past. There was a sound of wheels in the road, and my mother (as she afterwards told me) sprang out of bed to the window.

It was so dark that nothing could be distinguished, but she heard the wheels, and a horse turning out of the road and approaching our stable yard.

"He has come at last! David, David, here is your father," she cried, rousing me from my slumbers, and hurriedly dressing. She forgot, at the moment, that her husband never travelled but on horseback.

She had not completed her preparation for leaving the chamber, when there came a knock at the door, and Peggy's ill-omened voice—

"Missus, you are wanted directly; you and Master David."

"I know, I know, Peggy," she answered joyfully, and the next moment we were both on the stairs, the next in the kitchen. My mother had a candle in her hand, which she had lighted in her room; the fire was also burning dimly, and by it stood a man (whom Peggy had admitted) in a dark witney coat, or wrap-rascal, and with his face partially muffled in a thick comforter.

The man was not her husband, not my father; we both saw that at the first glance.

My poor mother sank tremblingly into a chair; her lips parted, but no sound came. Peggy, meanwhile, stood curiously looking on.

"You had better douse the glim, mistress," said the man, respectfully; "it will be safer, perhaps."

My mother understood him, and mechanically obeyed him by putting an extinguisher on the candle.

And there we all were, silently looking at and watching each other, by the dim flickering light of the kitchen fire.

WEST POINT AND ITS CADETS.

WHERE the blue arrowy Hudson cleaves the ridge of the Apalachian mountains, as if it were the straight steel, and they the yielding material which is pierced at a touch, carving for itself a gate into the lowlands, to be a highway for ships for a hundred and fifty miles; there stands the celebrated Academy of West Point keeping guard. The United States territory is somewhat larger than Europe, and it possesses this single military college, peopled with two hundred and twenty-four cadets and forty-two tutors. Our old-world civilization can count such seminaries by the score, and their pupils by the thousand.

On a fine plateau is the site of the solitary Yankee soldier-school; a park-like expanse is dotted over with woods and various detached buildings, and in summer is gay with the tents of a camp, where the cadets live for some months. Below flows the river Hudson, broad and deep; by no means hurrying itself to reach the sea, but tranquilly receiving the tides twice a day, which bring sea-animals and brackish water even here to the foot of the Apalachians. This ocean influence also brings soft weather and rain-clouds, when beyond West Point the world is locked in frost; so that, meteorologically speaking, the position is important.

That rare thing in America, a historic ruin, may

be seen in the neighbourhood of the college. Two forts, Pelham and Clinton, held the pass of West Point against the English army during the Revolution, and have now, happily, fallen to decay. Whatever inspiration is to be derived from a scene of former bloody strife, the cadets enjoy: likewise all the conveniences of theorizing defences, as the ground offers scope for every variety of engineering skill. Declivities, table-lands, streams, peaks, rocks, plains, are included within the governmental tract of three thousand acres; which tract has a police and magistracy of its own, wholly distinct from those of the State of New York, surrounding it: the Federal government at Washington is its direct owner and ruler, and all the States are supposed to be equal sharers in the property and its advantages; whence would arise a question of delicate adjustment at present, while the feud between North and South is sharpest.

The college dates back to 1802, when a commencement smaller than that of most boarding-schools inaugurated this national institution. Congress gave a grudging vote, and but ten cadets could be enrolled. Ever since, each year, the friends of West Point have had a fierce battle over the allowance, hitherto with success. Jefferson and Munro supported it; but never more pertinaciously did Joseph Hume try to cut down British Estimates, than do the ultra-democrats in the States endeavour to swamp their military college each session. Perhaps a change has come over the spirit of their dream within the last six months.

Each member of Congress has a nomination in his gift: the President has ten. The fortunate two hundred and twenty-four are not only educated at the national cost, but also furnished with a handsome allowance of pocket-money. The best professors are secured for every branch of learning contained in the curriculum, and are so numerous that the proportion of students is little more than five to one master. The teachers of mathematics are seven; whence we naturally expect, what proves indeed to be the case, that this is the science wherein the cadets make most proficiency. Drawing seems also to be a favourite art. Mr. Kohl, the celebrated German traveller, doubts whether any other military academy could produce such splendid prize drawings as are exhibited here.

Of foreign languages, that unwonted tongue the modern Mexican, which is a degenerate Spanish, is studied at West Point. Three French professors teach French, and Bailey, one of the first American chemists, presides over the laboratory and geological department. The two hundred and twenty-four are well taught, at all events. They have also a few trophies to look at and raise their combative spirit; flags taken from the Hessians float in their halls, in company with Mexican standards, above some of the hundred Mexican cannon captured in the late war. They have model fortifications, one of which was formerly adorned with twenty thousand tiny soldiers; but the parapets and trenches are tenantless now, and an army of lady-visitors are accused of having carried the troops away, as souvenirs.

Unfortunately, the West Point students have now

other means than models for becoming acquainted with the laws of tactics and engineering, and will find that the sanguinary practice of war is very different from its theoretic tuition. How lowering is it to human nature to find that the self-same exercise of brute physical force, which would be employed by the savage of all lands and ages for the settling of his quarrels, is the only solution of a social difficulty which the wise and educated rulers of professedly Christian America can devise.

THE GORILLA HUNTER.

DURING the past season, one of the chief topics of conversation in London society has been the "gorilla." The world was taken by surprise when the now famous traveller and naturalist, Mr. Du Chaillu, a few months since, first told the learned and fashionable London world, assembled at the Geographical Society, of the aspect, nature, and habits of the huge man-like monkey, which he had seen, hunted, and killed in the dense and dark forests of Western Africa. Not but we were aware of the existence of gorillas on the face of the earth: we had skeletons and skins; but of their habits, of their haunts, of their ferocity, of their gigantic strength, we knew little, if indeed anything at all. At last, Mr. Du Chaillu came fresh from the pursuit of these "wild men of the woods;" brute force had yielded to human intelligence, and twenty-two prisoners, "ghastly and grim," slain for the sake of their skins, or skeletons, formed a running comment upon the marvellous stories which this adventurous gentleman narrated. For a week or so, the scientific world did not know whether to believe or disbelieve; then from Albemarle Street came "the gorilla book," as it is now called. In their easy chairs, warming their feet before the fire, and full of the experiences of dry skins and moth-eaten specimens, certain home naturalists read this book. "This cannot be," said they; "what we read here is untrue; these are travellers' stories." The evil report spread apace; but truth *will* come to the surface. Mr. Du Chaillu invited cross-examination and close questioning; he was severely tested both by word of mouth and by the press; he has triumphed; this courageous and intrepid traveller has been fêted by the great men of the land; his book could not be printed fast enough; his gorillas are now in the British Museum, where all can contemplate them at their ease.

Having already given ample accounts of Mr. Du Chaillu's adventures when in pursuit of these specimens, we now quote his interesting narrative of an attempt to keep and tame a young gorilla.

A GORILLA TAKEN ALIVE.

On the 4th of May I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life. Some hunters who had been out on my account, brought in a young gorilla *alive!* I cannot describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village. All the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

It was a little fellow of between two and three

years old, two feet six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been. My hunters, whom I could have hugged to my heart, took him in the country between the Rembo and Cape St. Catherine. By their account, they were going, five in number, to a village near the coast, and walking very silently through the forest, when they heard what they immediately recognised as the cry of a young gorilla for its mother. The forest was silent. It was about noon; and they immediately determined to follow the cry. Presently they heard it again. Guns in hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly towards a clump of wood, where the baby gorilla evidently was. They knew the mother would be near; and there was a likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all, might be there too. But they determined to risk all, and, if at all possible, to take the young one alive, knowing what a joy it would be for me.

Presently they perceived the bush moving; and, crawling a little further on in dead silence, scarce breathing with excitement, they beheld, what has seldom been seen even by the negroes, a young gorilla seated on the ground, eating some berries which grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother, also eating of the same fruit. Instantly they made ready to fire; and none too soon, for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had only to pull triggers without delay.

She fell. The young one, hearing the noise of the guns, ran to his mother and clung to her, hiding his face, and embracing her body. The hunters immediately rushed toward the two, hallooing with joy as they ran on. But this roused the little one, who instantly let go his mother and ran to a small tree, which he climbed with great agility, where he sat and roared at them savagely. They were now perplexed how to get at him. No one cared to run the chance of being bitten by this savage little beast, and shoot it they would not. At last they cut down the tree, and, as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the head of the young monster, and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded. With all these precautions, one of the men received a severe bite on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg.

As the little brute, though so diminutive, and the merest baby for age, was astonishingly strong, and by no means good-tempered, they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them. So they were obliged to get a forked stick, in which his neck was inserted in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. In this uncomfortable way he was brought into the village, where the excitement was intense. As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come a little way down the river, he roared and bellowed, and looked around wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning that if he could only get at some of us he would take his revenge.

I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and immediately set about to have a cage made for him. In two hours we had built a strong bamboo house, with the slats securely tied at such distances apart that we could see the gorilla, and it could see out.

Here the thing was immediately deposited; and now, for the first time, I had a fair chance to look at my prize.

It was a young male gorilla, evidently not yet three years old, fully able to walk alone, and possessed, for its age, of most extraordinary strength and muscular development. Its greatest length proved to be, afterwards, two feet six inches. Its face and hands were very black, eyes not so much sunken as in the adult. The hair began just at the eyebrows and rose to the crown, where it was of a reddish-brown. It came down the sides of the face in lines to the lower jaw, much as our beards grow. The upper lip was covered with short coarse hair; the lower lip had longer hair. The eyelids very slight and thin; eyebrows straight, and three-quarters of an inch long.

The whole back was covered with hair of an iron-gray, becoming dark nearer the arms, and quite white at the lower part. Chest and abdomen were covered with hair, which was somewhat thin and short on the breast. On the arms the hair was longer than anywhere on the body, and of a greyish-black colour, caused by the roots of the hair being dark and the ends whitish. On the hands and wrists the hair was black, and came down to the second joints of the fingers, though one could see in the short down the beginning of the long black hair which lines the upper parts of the fingers in the adult. The hair of the legs was grayish-black, becoming blacker as it reached the ankles, the feet being covered with black hair.

When I had the little fellow safely locked in his cage, I ventured to approach to say a few encouraging words to him. He stood in the furthest corner, but, as I approached, bellowed and made a precipitate rush at me, and, though I retreated as quickly as I could, succeeded in catching my trowser-leg, which he grasped with one of his feet and tore, retreating immediately to the corner furthest away. This taught me caution for the present, though I had a hope still to be able to tame him. He sat in his corner, looking wickedly out of his gray eyes, and I never saw a more morose or ill-tempered face than had this little beast.

The first thing was, of course, to attend to the wants of my captive. I sent for some of the forest berries, which these animals are known to prefer, and placed these and a cup of water within his reach. He was exceedingly shy, and would neither eat nor drink till I had removed to a distance.

The second day found Joe, as I had named him, fiercer than the first. He rushed savagely at any one who stood even for a moment near his cage, and seemed ready to tear us all to pieces. I threw him to-day some pine-apple leaves, of which I noticed he ate only the white parts. There seemed no difficulty about his food, though he refused now, and continued during his short life to refuse, all food except such wild leaves and fruits as were gathered from his native woods for him.

The third day he was still morose and savage, bellowing when any person approached, and either retiring to a distant corner or rushing to attack. On the fourth day, while no one was near, the little

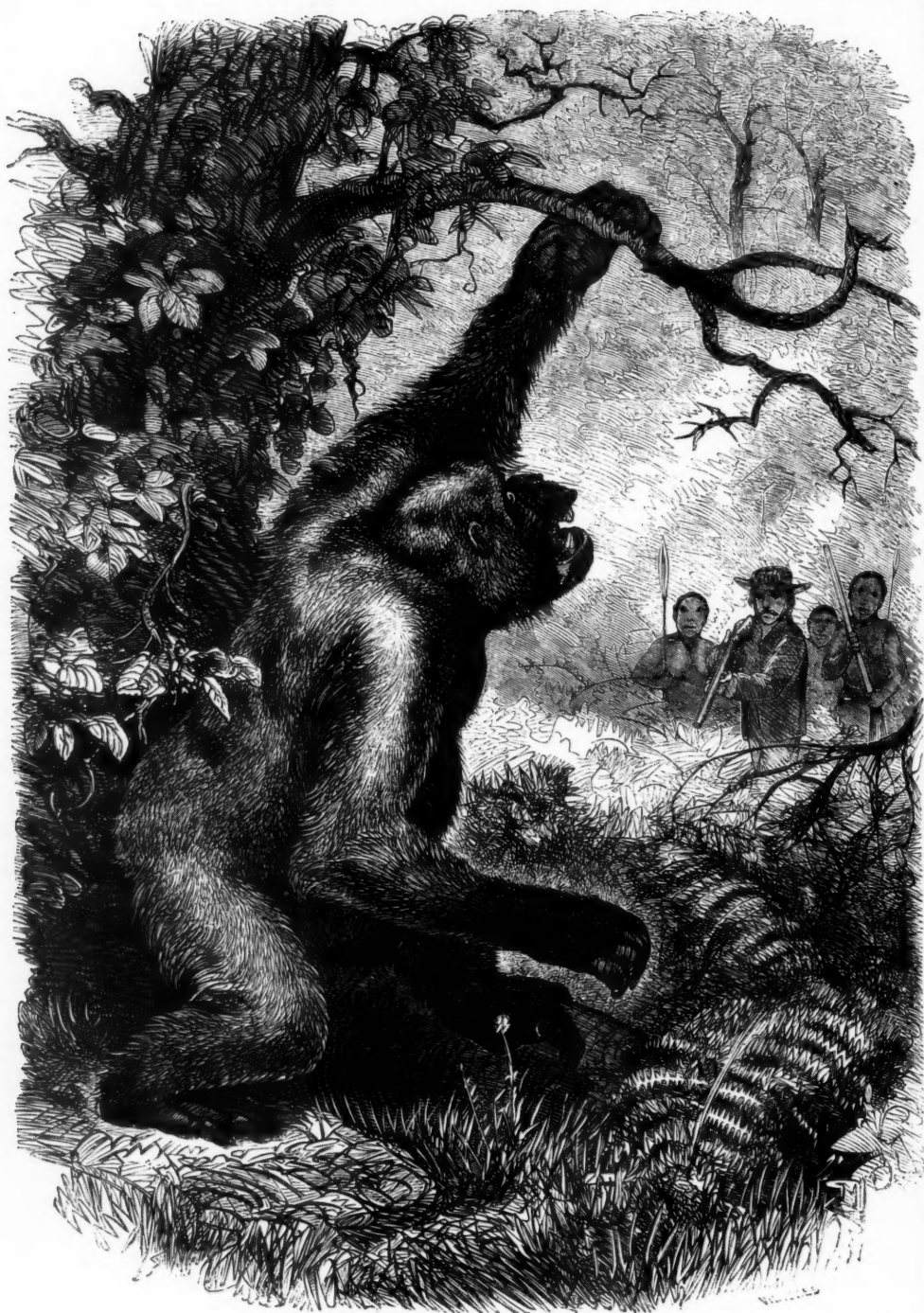
rascal succeeded in forcing apart two of the bamboo rails which composed his cage, and made his escape. I came up just as his flight was discovered, and immediately got all the negroes together for pursuit, determining to surround the wood and recapture my captive. Running into the house to get one of my guns, I was startled by an angry growl issuing from under my low bedstead. It was Master Joe, who lay there hid, but anxiously watching my movements. I instantly shut the windows, and called to my people to guard the door. When Joe saw the crowd of black faces he became furious, and, with his eyes glaring, and every sign of rage in his little face and body, got out from beneath the bed. We shut the door at the same time, and left him master of the premises, preferring to devise some plan for his easy capture rather than to expose ourselves to his terrible teeth.

How to take him was now a puzzling question. He had shown such strength and such rage already, that not even I cared to run the chance of being badly bitten in a hand-to-hand struggle. Meantime Joe stood in the middle of the room, looking about for his enemies, and examining with some surprise the furniture. I watched with fear lest the ticking of my clock should strike his ear, and perhaps lead him to an assault upon that precious article. Indeed, I should have left Joe in possession, but for a fear that he would destroy the many articles of value or curiosity I had hung about the walls.

Finally, seeing him quite quiet, I despatched some fellows for a net, and, opening the door quickly, threw this over his head. Fortunately we succeeded at the first throw in fatally entangling the young monster, who roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction under the net. I took hold of the back of his neck, two men seized his arms and another the legs, and, thus held by four men, this extraordinary little creature still proved most troublesome. We carried him as quickly as we could to the cage, which had been repaired, and once more locked him in.

I never saw so furious a beast in my life as he was. He darted at every one who came near, bit the bamboos off the house, glared at us with venomous and sullen eyes, and in every motion showed a temper thoroughly wicked and malicious.

As there was no change in this for two days thereafter, but continual moroseness, I tried what starvation would do towards breaking his spirit; also, it began to be troublesome to procure his food from the woods, and I wanted him to become accustomed to civilized food, which was placed before him. But he would touch nothing of the kind; and as for temper, after starving him for twenty-four hours, all I gained was that he came slowly up and took some berries from the forest out of my hand, immediately retreating to his corner to eat them. Daily attentions from me for a fortnight more did not bring me any further confidence from him than this. He always snarled at me, and only when very hungry would he take even his choicest food from my hands. At the end of this fortnight, I came one day to feed him, and found that he had gnawed a bamboo to pieces slyly and again made



THE KING OF THE GORILLAS.

PORTRAIT OF THE LARGEST GORILLA SHOT BY MR. DU CHAILLU, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

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his escape. Luckily he had but just gone; for, as I looked around, I caught sight of Master Joe making off on all fours, and with great speed, across the little prairie, for a clump of trees. I called the men up and we gave chase. He saw us, and, before we could head him off, made for another clump. This we surrounded. He did not ascend a tree, but stood defiantly at the border of the wood. About one hundred and fifty of us surrounded him. As we moved up he began to yell, and made a sudden dash upon a poor fellow who was in advance, who ran, tumbled down in affright, and by his fall escaped, but also detained Joe sufficiently long for the nets to be brought to bear upon him.

Four of us again bore him struggling into the village. This time I would not trust him to the cage, but had a little light chain fastened around his neck. This operation he resisted with all his might, and it took us quite an hour to securely chain the little fellow, whose strength was something marvellous.

Ten days after he was thus chained he died suddenly. He was in good health, and ate plentifully of his natural food, which was brought every day for him; he did not seem to sicken until two days before his death, and died in some pain. To the last he continued utterly untameable, and after his chains were on, added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come sometimes quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in the face, to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp at my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person; till at last I was obliged to be very careful in my approaches. The negroes could not come near him at all without setting him in a rage. He knew me very well, and trusted me, but evidently cherished a feeling of revenge even towards me.

After he was chained, I filled a half-barrel with hay and set it near him for his bed. He recognised its use at once, and it was pretty to see him shake up the hay and creep into this nest when he was tired. At night he always again shook it up, and then took some hay in his hands, with which he would cover himself when he was snug in his barrel.

In a former paper we gave some extracts from Mr. Du Chaillu's narrative of his encounters with the gorillas which he has brought as trophies to this country. He thus describes the appearance of the animal at the moment of attack. "The gorilla is only met in the most dark and impenetrable jungle, where it is difficult to get a clear aim, unobstructed by vines and tangled bushes, for any distance greater than a few yards. For this reason, the gorilla-hunter wisely stands still and awaits the approach of the infuriated beast. The gorilla advances by short stages, stopping to utter his diabolical roar, and to beat his vast breast with his paws, which produces a dull reverberation as of an immense bass drum. Sometimes from the standing position he seats himself, and beats his breast; at the same time the deep-set grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity, the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles, and the slight sharply cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful

jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit. The hunter, looking with fearful care to his priming, stands still, gun in hand, often for five weary minutes, waiting with growing nervousness for the moment when he may relieve his suspense by firing. I have never fired at a male, at a greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen feet is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes, and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment's anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull trigger."

Our illustration is a portrait of the largest specimen brought home by Mr. Du Chaillu.*

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE."

CHAPTER II.—THE FIRM OF CARINE AND LETELLIER.

THE summer evening sun streamed on a pleasant French scene, for never had the Terrasse du Jardin, that favourite promenade of Grenoble, been filled with a gayer crowd. On the right hand rose the Préfecture, its clusters of lovely orange trees wafting on the air their delicious perfume; on the left hand were alcoves, chairs, benches, and small tables, where ices, lemonade, and syrups, were to be had for the paying; behind towered the hotel of the "Trois Dauphins;" and if you chose to pass out at the opposite end of the terrace, that before you, a few minutes' walk would take you to the cool waters of the Isère, which flows through the town, and to the beautiful scenery for which the environs of Grenoble are so famous.

The terrace was crowded: all the rank and fashion of Grenoble seemed to be there. Groups, elegantly attired, met and passed each other, the men lifting their hats, the women with an elaborate curtsy; or they stood to converse; or they formed into parties, to sit and eat ices. One lovely girl, with an elastic step and smiling face, came on, nodding everywhere: it was Annette Carine, and the town could not boast a more gentle or affectionate spirit. She was with some friends this evening, the Pavon family.

"But, Annette, where's Mademoiselle your aunt?" was asked, from more than one quarter.

"Oh, my aunt has an attack again, and keeps her chamber to-day," was the answer, merrily delivered, as though the speaker thought little of the "attack."

Miss Carine, a maiden lady, who ruled her niece with an iron hand, was subject to attacks—not of apoplexy, but of indigestion. She had one about every ten days, when she would be shut up in her chamber for four-and-twenty hours: like her brother, Père Carine, she was fond of good living; in him, it induced gout; in her, indigestion. She had lived with them since the death of Annette's mother, three years now; and she made quite a favour of it, especially to the ears of the world in general, for she possessed a nice little fortune of her own, the being disinherited from which Annette was threatened with ten times in a day. The young lady

* For other papers on the Gorilla, see Nos. 370, 486, 499.

could be saucy on occasion: she had gone the length of telling Mademoiselle her aunt that she hoped she'd leave her fortune to somebody else, for she'd rather be without it than with it. These attacks were the sunny spots of Annette's life: while they lasted, and her aunt was invisible, she could go roaming about the house and the garden as she would, carolling like a bird.

The Pavons walked twice to and fro the length of the terrace, showing themselves and their fine plumage to their townspeople—for that is too generally the end and aim of a Frenchwoman's existence—and critically scanning *their* plumage in return, lest it might be richer than their own; like so many peacocks—as the whole lot of exhibitors were. Then the Pavons took their seats in an alcove, in full view still of the promenaders, and called for ices.

A gentlemanly-looking man passed, raised his hat, and bowed; and the party returned the salutation. Annette Carine played with her bonnet-strings, and the rest fell to talking of him who had gone by.

"We hear, Annette, that he finds more favour with your father day by day—that he says the business could not get on without Letellier. Is it so?"

"I don't concern myself with the business," returned Annette, whose colour was deepening.

"And report goes that M. Carine will be making him an equal partner."

"May be," carelessly rejoined the young lady.

"He has proved himself a true Letellier," cried an old gentleman who had joined them. "Had uninterrupted prosperity been his, why, I don't know how it might have been—perhaps played and frittered his life away; but, when adversity came, he turned to with a purpose. Some feared the result; I did not; for I knew young Robert had the right stuff in him, and would be worthy of his name. How long is it now, Miss Annette, that he has been with your father?"

"As if I kept count of the time!" was Miss Annette's retort, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"It is getting on for two years—twenty-one months about, now," spoke up Père Pavon, "and M. Carine told me himself, this week, that he would not be without him for the world. Young Letellier will make his way in Grenoble yet: never doubt it."

Robert Letellier had certainly got on well, and you will think so when you hear that he had been for twelve months M. Carine's partner. It was, however, self-interest which had prompted the Père Carine to take him in. The former *clientèle* of the house of Letellier did not, as its new head had fondly anticipated, come much to the house of Carine with their orders, and the Père found that, to join the name of Letellier to it, would be a means of securing them. So the firm was made Carine and Letellier—Robert receiving but a very small share of the profits, and retaining his active management: it was a fact that the business could scarcely have got along without him.

The party finished their ices, shook out their fine feathers, took another turn or two for the benefit

of admiring eyes, and then left the Terrasse du Jardin for the night, escorting Annette to the door of her father's home.

It was twilight then. Annette threw off her bonnet, proceeded to Miss Carine's room, and softly opened the door. "Are you better now, aunt?"

"Not a bit," groaned Miss Carine; "my chest is on the rack, and I think it's going on to the liver. Don't come here, child," she crossly added; "nobody wants you. I have swallowed down nine quarts of tisane, and yet it doesn't go away."

Singing sweetly under her breath, Annette went down, entered the court-yard, and passed into the garden, where she seated herself under the lime trees, thinking of other things than her aunt's indigestion.

The truth is, that between Robert and Annette there had sprung up an attachment, very natural under the circumstances. She had seen and admired his good qualities, and Robert had cherished hopes of winning the charming daughter of Père Carine, who was not his superior in anything except wealth. Before making any declaration to Annette, however, he very properly sought an interview with her father. The old man told him to put such presumptuous folly out of his head, and that she was going to be asked in marriage by the son of the Préfet, who would himself be a Préfet one of these days. Robert knew that Annette cared nothing for the rich Préfet's son; but he was too honourable to interfere with family arrangements after this interview. He continued to devote himself to the duties of his position, and committed to Providence the issue of events.

The months dragged their slow length along, and there was no more joyousness at Père Carine's. Annette, she who had kept the family alive with her innocent mirth, whose light step and loving laugh had been pleasant things in the household, was now sad and silent. She was no longer allowed to meet Robert Letellier; she was told that they were parted for ever; and she bowed to the decision, knowing there was no appeal from it, for neither son nor daughter, in France, can marry without the parental consent. M. Carine had the gout more frequently; Mademoiselle his sister complained incessantly of her attacks; altogether, things were by no means comfortable; and, to crown the whole, Annette had displayed the unheard-of hardihood of daring to refuse the Préfet's son.

In the midst of these untoward circumstances, winter set in in earnest—snow, hail, sleet, frost; never had a longer or a worse winter been known in the department of the Isère; and the kind monks of the Grande Chartreuse (which establishment you may be aware is but a day's journey from Grenoble), were out with their dogs incessantly, to find those who might be lost in the snow.

The unusually severe winter brought its consequences. The poor were starving, and crimes, long sunk in abeyance, began to be rife. Houses were broken into, money and provisions stolen; chiefly provisions—the depredators' children were wailing for bread. And if this was the case in the

town, far worse off was the country: the long and hard frost precluded agricultural labour, and hunger made the peasants desperate. Travellers were attacked in the lonely roads, and their pockets rifled: sometimes violence was done. It was a winter that will long be remembered throughout the Isère.

VARIETIES IN HORSE TAMING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN AMERICA."

Two years ago we witnessed the taming of a magnificent Spanish steed, by an Indian horse-tamer belonging to the warlike tribe of the Comanches. The horse belonged to the Spanish minister to the Republic of—, and, having injured several grooms, and finally having destroyed the life of one the previous day, he was doomed to be shot, unless the Indian could subdue his hitherto untameable spirit.

A ring was measured and fenced with high barricades, behind which, at a respectful distance, were placed the seats of the spectators. These seats were thronged, and expectation was excited to the uttermost. At the time appointed, a slight wiry Indian, in a hunting suit of hide, glided into the ring, and was followed by two grooms, leading the refractory steed. Bit, rider, and shoes he had never submitted to, and on this occasion his halter had been exchanged for two iron "twitches" with long handles, the clasps confining each nostril. As he advanced, spurning the earth in his pride, there was a murmur of admiration. He stood seventeen hands high, his colour was coal black, his neck was arched and crested, his head tapered to a point, and his dilating eyes were flashing fire. The Indian advanced to within six yards of him, and signalled to the grooms to let go and retire. His Spanish owner remonstrated, and said it would be certain death; but the man persisted, and the grooms removed the twitches and vaulted precipitately over the barricades. The Indian stood with his arms folded, and the horse stood on the other side of the ring. He glanced once round the audience, and then, perceiving his supposed victim, uttered a scream of rage, and rushed blindly, madly upon him. He stepped lightly aside, and the discomfited horse struck the barrier with so much force that the spectators sprang up to the higher benches.

In a moment he collected himself for another spring; but the Indian fixed his eyes steadily on the infuriated animal, and slowly advanced towards him. The horse was now on his hind legs, squealing and snorting, but he did not advance one step. The Indian came nearer, and as he approached, the horse settled into a quadruped position, and his rage changed into a look strongly resembling fear. The tamer was now within two feet of him, and in this position the man and the horse remained during a breathless silence of half an hour. At first he seemed restive under this steady gaze, and tossed his head and glanced uneasily around; but gradually the head began to droop, the tail, which had been lashed incessantly and furiously, hung motionless, the flanks began to quiver, and finally, beads of foam stood upon the beautiful neck. The Indian now approached, still looking steadily, and laid his hands

upon that head, which none had ever approached without a muzzle or a twitch, except the groom who had been killed on the day before. He next took the head between his hands, and for several minutes breathed into the nostrils. During this process the horse became covered with sweat and foam, and trembled all over; so that it was no surprise when he followed his conqueror round the ring as gently as a favourite pony. A snaffle bridle and a saddle were brought, and he submitted quietly to both, and was not the least disconcerted when the tamer mounted him, and amidst rounds of applause rode him round the ring. Whatever the secret was, the conquest was complete; the horse was shod the same day, and three weeks afterwards his owner rode him at a review.

This mode of taming horses is very commonly practised by the conjurors of the Indian tribes; and some years ago an Irishman of the name of Sullivan, better known as the Whisperer, pursued a plan which was supposed to be somewhat similar; but his operations, whatever they were, were conducted in solitude, and his secret died with him. To Mr. Rarey justly belongs the honour of having introduced into this country a system of subduing vicious horses, certain, humane, and safe, and equally far from jugglery and mystery. We trust that it will ultimately supersede all the clumsy tackling and needless cruelties of the horsebreaker; but we should hardly advise any one not possessed of strong nerves and unusual patience to attempt it as an amateur.

Some time ago Mr. Rarey explained and illustrated his system in the Birmingham Circus, to an audience evidently interested practically in horses. From a peculiarly knowing look, the cut of their coats, and their mode of walking, it was obvious that nine-tenths of the people present were versed in the mysteries of horsemanship. When Mr. Rarey entered, he was received with a burst of applause, a repetition of which demonstration he earnestly deprecated, as likely to affect the nerves of his pupils. This horse-tamer is far more like an English officer than a horse-breaker. He is a small slight man, with good features, light hair and moustache, and a remarkably intellectual gentlemanly expression of countenance. He was dressed in a dark morning suit, and his appearance and manner were equally superior. He began by describing the manner in which he had learned by experience the nature of the horse—a dear-bought experience, in which every bone had been broken except his right arm. He said that all the vice of the horse was learned from man, and that, if he were only treated properly, and indications of what he is to do made to his intellect, cleverly and gently, instead of hastily and harshly, he would be the willing servant and the attached friend of man. He explained his process upon a quiet horse, and afterwards subdued two which were decidedly vicious.

The first horse was a beautiful bright bay, nearly thorough-bred, with a small head and bright timid eyes. He seemed alarmed at first, and restless; but a little fondling and a few quiet words reassured him, and he followed Mr. Rarey like a dog. After some explanatory remarks, Mr. Rarey showed his audience

how to approach a horse, how to handle him, how to examine his feet, and, finally, how to mount him. He deprecated the use of powerful bits and curbs in general, as tending to rouse the spirit of resistance, and mentioned that the light snaffle is the only bit used in America. He severely criticised the way in which English gentlemen mount their horses, leaning heavily in the stirrup, grasping mane and saddle, and not infrequently pulling the latter almost round—a method of mounting, as he explained, very aggravating to the horse, and not always effectual till after two or three attempts have been made. He then removed the girths of the saddle, and, placing one foot in the stirrup, sprang lightly on the horse's back. He next stood in the stirrup, balancing himself over the saddle, and politely hinted that no man was a perfect equestrian who could not mount as gracefully; and then, dismounting, vaulted lightly into the saddle, without the aid of stirrups at all, implying by his language that the stirrup was only an invention for old age. After going through the well-known process of strapping up the fore legs, throwing the horse down, beating a drum on his back, etc., which we were sorry to see tried upon the gentle thorough-bred, Mr. Rarey tamed an unbroken cart colt, evidently too sulky to turn out well, and neither spirited nor vicious enough to afford much interest to the spectators.

The crowning feature of the lecture was the introduction of a huge powerful black dray-horse, eighteen hands high, which could never be shod, and could only be approached, when unmuzzled, by one man, who always carried a short stout stick. The expected advent of this animal created as much buzz and excitement as the entrance of a savage bull into the arena at Madrid, and sundry sounds heard during the previous half-hour had only quickened expectation. After a short interval Mr. Rarey entered the ring, looking as cool as if no contest awaited him, followed speedily by two grooms leading the equine monster, whose huge muzzle, heavy-cut bridle, and cruel bit, causing blood to drop from his mouth, added to the ferocity of his appearance. Mr. Rarey slowly stepped up to the animal and removed the muzzle, a kindness which he requited by making a savage plunge with intent to bite—an intent only frustrated by the agility of the American. Mr. Rarey then succeeded in getting close to the left shoulder, although the horse struck out most savagely with his fore legs, and, passing his right arm over the animal, by means of the bridle dragged the head so much to the right as to secure himself from being bitten, and diminish the facility of striking out. In this position the horse, squealing, kicking, and plunging as much as he could, dragged Mr. Rarey ten times round the ring, and once so far succeeded in extricating himself as to make a desperate plunge at the barricades, which sent the occupants of the lower seats panic-struck to the galleries. It seemed doubtful whether man or horse would conquer, when Mr. Rarey, taking advantage of a moment's pause, strapped up the hitherto unapproachable fore leg, and the infuriated horse, uttering a sound between bellowing and squealing, plunged round the ring on three legs.

Another strap was now passed round the pastern of the right leg, the end of which Mr. Rarey retained in his hand, and as the horse plunged, he was pulled down on his knees. The after-contest was most exciting; for the horse, rendered desperate, turned upon his fancied tormentor with his teeth, his only remaining weapons, and plunged upon him for nearly a quarter of an hour, so that it was only by great agility that he escaped being bitten or crushed by the animal's ponderous weight. Although the horse was on his knees, the hind legs were in their natural position, which gave him a most helpless appearance. At last science prevailed over brute force, and the horse, now nearly covered with foam, and very much exhausted, fell over on his side with a heavy groan, and lay stretched upon the straw. His temper being apparently overcome, the heavy bit was replaced by a light snaffle, and he was caressed and fondled. Mr. Rarey then jumped backwards and forwards across him, and proceeded to stroke his hind legs. This roused the yet untamed spirit, and he struck out so savagely with his huge hoofs as to injure himself as well as alarm the audience. He raised himself on his knees and made savage attempts to bite, but was again thrown down, and this time submitted to be stroked and have his hoofs rapped together. The fore legs were now unstrapped, and Mr. Rarey gave several sentences of his lecture while sitting on the horse's side. He was then allowed to rise; but as soon as Mr. Rarey attempted to mount him, he became very savage, and plunged several times round the ring as at first. The whole process was reperformed, and the second time with success; but Mr. Rarey vaulted on the horse's back simultaneously with his rise from the ground, and never attempted either to saddle him or beat the drum. It was so evident that he was exhausted rather than subjugated, that Mr. Rarey informed the audience that three more lessons would be required for the purpose.

The cardinal points of Mr. Rarey's system are, first, never to let the horse know his strength; and second, to make him man's friend by patient and gentle treatment; and, for his success in improving the condition of this faithful and noble servant of man he richly deserves the medal presented to him by the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We trust that his system will be universally practised, and that the whips, spurs, Mameluke bits, head-straps, and surcingle of the horsebreaker, with the rest of his barbarous and often ineffectual apparatus, will be banished for ever.

COWDRAY HOUSE;

THE SEAT OF THE MONTACUTES.

In the course of a walking tour in the southern counties, some years ago, I arrived, one fine afternoon in September, at the neat quiet little town of Midhurst. My object was to visit the ruins of Cowdray House, which is close by, and to make a sketch or two, and collect some descriptive particulars of the mansion as it appeared immediately

before the fire, which, in the year 1793, reduced it to a mass of ruins, now thickly covered with a mantle of ivy. My first inquiry was for some old inhabitant who had remembered the house in its palmy days, and I was directed to an old man living in a bye-street. I lost no time in seeking him out, and soon found him busily employed in his little garden, but not too busy to spare a few minutes for a favourite theme.

"Did he remember the great house before the fire?" This was the portfire which I applied to the train, and the report was instantaneous.

"Remember it, sir! I helped carry water. I was a young man then; I'm in my eighty now. Ah! a terrible fire 'twas, sure enough. It broke out, sir, just at twelve o'clock at night, and burnt till six next morning. I was up at my mother's, up in town, when I heard 'em cry 'Fire.' Everybody was soon up and runnin' through the park. 'Twas a beautiful moonlight night; but there! what a red flare there was, to be sure! the sky looked all a-fire, like a great oven, and the flames roarin' and cracklin', and great sparks flyin' up through the smoke—oh dear, oh dear, terrible 'twas! Yes, there was engines there, after a bit; but, dear me, they was no good—they seemed to help the flames, 'twas got to such a head, and there was so much wood-work, you see—all carved wood-work, like, inside. I was in the Buck Hall, helping to get out the things, and I was there till just as the roof fell in. Ah! a beautiful hall 'twas, with carved images all round—stags as big as life, and pictures all over the walls—fine paintin's they was, and a grand carved roof; and there was the great high windows—they was stone, you see, sir; so you may see them now, only there's so much ivy, (it wants cuttin' away, that do). Anybody could see 'twas no use fightin' against such a fire, but everybody did what they could; there was long lines of people handin' buckets from the river and the conduit; but, dear me! 'twas got to such a head, and the lead runnin' off the roof like water, and the flames risin' higher and higher every minute. There was a good deal saved; I brought out six or seven hundred bottles of wine myself. I had just got out of the Buck Hall when the roof tumbled in."

"And was the cause of the fire never discovered?" I asked.

"Why, no, sir; no—not rightly. There was only servants in the house; the family was expected in a few days, and the carpenters and plumbers had been at work. Whether they had left fire about, or what, nobody knows. The brewer, he was up a-brewin', and he first found it out. My lord, that is the young Lord Montague, he was travellin' in foreign parts along with his friend Mr. B——, and both of 'em was drowned. Ah! sad thing that was. Mr. B—— was to have married Miss B——, that's my lord's sister. She was a good creatur' as ever could live."

Such was the narrative of "the oldest inhabitant," given just as I have transcribed it from the notes I made that evening.

On the following morning he met me by appointment at the old iron gates, and we walked together

along the straight road to the front of the house, at such a pace as allowed free play to the lungs, and enabled my venerable guide to discourse without faltering on his favourite theme. When we were within a hundred paces of the building, he directed my attention to the remains of the clock-dial, in the tower, above the entrance gate. "There, sir, *there* was the great clock; and, as you know, it kept strikin' the hours all that night, when the flames was ragin' all round; 'twas a strange sound!"

We soon reached the court-yard, now so entirely carpeted with grass that it looked like a pasture field; but my guide, planting himself in the centre, struck the ground with his stick and said, "Just here, sir, was the fountain—a fine piece it was; then you see, the carriages used to come under the archway there, and so round here to the porch." This short description was sufficient to call up a vision of the past; but before I proceed, let me describe the building in its ruined state.

Along the western side of the quadrangle stand the walls which formed the outer front of the mansion, the centre being occupied by a great square clock tower, with octagonal turrets at each corner and a broad arched gateway between them. The building was a fine specimen of the Tudor style of architecture, a style especially adapted for domestic buildings, more especially in the country, when planted among groups and masses of stately trees upon the undulating slopes of an extensive deer-park. On either side of the clock tower, the face of the building presented a lofty elevation, surmounted by battlements and pierced with mullioned windows ornamented with Tudor labels, the extreme end of the building rising again to the height of the central tower, in two projecting wings, containing windows of grand proportions. Numerous chimneys, lofty, and of elaborate design, rose from the roof of the building, and were seen stretching in perspective against the clear sky to the distance of a hundred and ten feet, which was the depth of the building, including the fountain court already mentioned.

The whole of this grand front is now covered with clustering ivy, but the forms and proportions of the building, with its battlements, string courses, and mullioned windows of stone, are easily made out. Returning to the fountain court, the inner front, magnificent even in decay, is seen in its full extent. There is the great bay windows of the Buck Hall,* occupying the entire height of the building. Numerous other windows of large size and fine proportions lighted the front, and towards the right or south end is a square embattled porch, over which are sculptured in stone the Royal Arms, with the lion and griffin as supporters. The groined ceiling of this porch is in tolerable preservation, though cracked, and in parts displaced by tendrils of ivy, which have crept into the crevices of the stone; it is richly sculptured with the cypher and cognizance of Lord Southampton—an anchor and trefoil, with the cypher W.S. in Gothic characters. Turning on the left through this porch, we entered what was once the great hall, sixty feet long, and my old

* So called from containing some life-sized bucks, carved in wood, bearing shields and armorial devices of the family.

cicerone again became eloquent in his description of its former splendours.

The old man next conducted me to the ruins of the dining-room, adjoining the hall, and then to the eastern side, where the great staircase had been. On the walls were still visible the marks of the flights of steps and landings. Great mounds of loose stones, mixed with earth and overrun with grass and nettles, were all that now remained. The next apartment that we entered was the chapel. It was lighted by five tall windows, the tracery of which still remained in fair preservation; but the ivy had crept in, and almost entirely covered the walls with its sombre tapestry. Above the high altar was a lofty canopy reaching to the elevation of the ceiling, and here and round the walls might be traced portions of ornamental stucco work, with the remains of some gilding, and there were niches containing figures of the Virgin and other saints, of which enough remained to show that they were the work of no inferior hand. But what a scene of ruin presented itself on every side! All that the hand of man had wrought, had in a few short hours perished in the flames. The triumphs of art had passed away, and nature had reasserted the right to enter and dwell, wherever the light of the sun and the breath of heaven could penetrate.

On my return to London, I sought out and discovered, in the British Museum, much information touching old Cowdray House, and its grandeur in the days of the Tudors. Among the curiosities of the place were valuable frescoes attributed to Holbein, representing the military exploits of Henry VIII, in which Lord Southampton and Sir Anthony Browne figured conspicuously. Sir Anthony was Master of the Horse to Bluff King Harry. In the grand dining-room there was a full-length portrait of Sir Anthony, thus inscribed: "In this dress he married by proxy, Princess Anna of Cleves, relict of K. H^v the VIII."

I found also an old pamphlet, giving "an account of the honorable entertainment given to the Queen's Majesty in progress at Cowdray in Sussex, by the R.H. the Lord Montacute." It was in 1591 that Queen Elizabeth made this progress, and a short account of the manner in which she was entertained at Cowdray may interest the reader.

"It was on Saturday, the 15th of August, that all the tall chimneys of kitchens and bakehouses in Cowdray House were sending up streams of grey smoke, while the court-yard was occupied by groups of people bringing in meats, game, fish, fruits, vegetables, and eatables of every kind. The steward of the household was giving audiences to the 'carver,' the 'server,' and the 'clerk of the kitchen,' the chief cook, the second cook, and the rest; the yeomen of the cellar, the yeomen of the pantry, and the yeomen of the buttery, none of these had any sinecure that day. Her Majesty was to dine at Farnham, but she would reach Cowdray before nightfall 'with a great train,' and supper would be required. Moreover, her Majesty would probably remain some days. Yet, though it was no holiday for the numerous domestics at the great house, or for those in the town who were to assist in purveying on this grand occasion, we may well believe

that the inhabitants of Midhurst, and of the neighbouring villages on the line of march, were all day long in a fever of excitement. The park keepers were riding about attended by peasants, who were employed to fill up holes and level inequalities in the turf, and wains were arriving laden with every kind of provisions. Later in the day came parties of the nobility and gentry, who had been invited to greet the Royal party on their arrival, and towards evening came single horsemen bearing unmistakable signs of their belonging to the Queen's retinue.

The great clock at the house, "pealing slow with solemn roar," had just struck eight, when half a dozen tall running footmen appeared in sight; and at some distance behind them a cloud of dust, slowly rising over the dense masses of foliage, announced to the expectant crowd that at last the Queen with her suite had entered the precincts of the park. The bells at Midhurst and Esbourne, which had been ringing spasmodically at intervals throughout the day, now sent forth their liveliest roundelay; the people ranged themselves in ranks four or five deep, on the sloping banks; and every eye was strained to discover and identify the chief personage in the moving phalanx of equestrians, which had now approached within a hundred yards. On they came over the soft turf, the silence only broken by the snort of horses and the jingle of bits and stirrups—a goodly band of gentlemen, in the picturesque though somewhat formal dresses of the time, rendered so familiar to our eyes by the portraits of Holbein—the peaked hat, the ruff, the short cloak, the long rapier, and the riding-boots drawn up to meet the slashed "trunks" of the legs. In the midst of the cavalcade was the Queen, mounted on her snow-white steed and attended by the Countess of Kildare and other ladies of her household, and a group of maids of honour on their palfreys. The homage of the throng of gazers was earnest, though not loud; hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cries of "God save the Queen," "God bless your Majesty," mingled with an under-current of voluble delight, attested the loyalty of the assembled crowd, who in a body accompanied the cavalcade across the park to the grand entrance. Their approach was hailed by strains of loud music from the moment they appeared in sight. Every window, every turret, every coign of vantage, was filled with eager gazers; while outside the gate stood the Lord and Lady Montacute, their daughter the Lady Dormer, Sir Robert Dormer, their son-in-law, and many others of the nobility and gentry, ready to receive their royal mistress. But the meeting was to be delayed a few minutes by a formal prelude, so characteristic of the manners of the period that it will be most fully described in the words of the original chronicler.

"The music ceased when her Majesty arrived on the bridge. A man in armour standing between two wooden effigies to resemble porters, holding a club in one hand and a golden key in the other, addressed her Majesty, declaring that there was a prophecy, when the first stone was laid, that these walls should shake and the roof should totter until

the wisest, the fairest, and most fortunate of all creatures should arrive; that his fellow porters gave up all hopes of this beneficial advent, and so fell asleep, but that he would rather have cut off his eyelids than wink till he saw the end. Now that the miracle of time, nature's glory, and fortune's empress had arrived, of course the house was immovable. He then presented the key as a crest of her office, at the same time declaring his honourable lord, the owner of the house, to be second to none in duty and service to her Majesty, and that his tongue was the key of his heart, and his heart the lock of his soul!" After this solemn mummerly, the Queen accepted the key, saying "she would swear as to the fidelity of the master," and having alighted, she embraced the Lady Montacute and the Lady Dormer her daughter; the former of the two, as if weeping on her bosom, said, "Oh happy time, oh joyful daye!"

The Lord Montacute and his son-in-law, then advancing with low obeisance, were greeted with a graceful salutation, and then the whole party closely following her Majesty, who was preceded by the steward and comptroller of the household, bearing their wands of office, and walking backwards, passed through the great gate, crossed the fountain courtyard, and entered the house. Passing through the great hall, which was lined with servants in state liveries, her Majesty, attended by the ladies of the house and her own ladies and maids of honour, proceeded up the grand staircase to exchange their riding-dresses for flounced and jewelled skirts and bodices. Meanwhile the great stable yard was crowded with horses, dusty and travel-stained. Scores of grooms were busily employed in relieving their backs of peaked saddles and embroidered housings, while others, finding the stables filled to overflowing, were leading their horses to temporary stalls fitted up at the adjacent farm-houses on the outskirts of the park; for it was a great retinue; and though the accommodations at Cowdray were sufficiently spacious for any ordinary occasion of festivity, they were quite inadequate to receive the throng of gentlemen and attendants who had now arrived. In half an hour the Queen and the ladies of her suite descended from their apartments, and, being met at the foot of the stairs by Lord and Lady Montacute, her Majesty was conducted to the dining parlour, through the great hall, which was now brilliantly lighted and furnished with long lines of tables for supper, while a band of musicians stationed in a gallery played their best and their loudest, and the crowd of gentlemen of the suite of the second rank stood bowing until her Majesty had passed. In the dining parlour the supper was already placed on the tables, which would have been justified in groaning under such a weight of massive plate and substantial viands, if groans of any kind could have been permitted on so auspicious an occasion. Her Majesty, being seated, made some complimentary remark on the arrangements, and then, after a moment's pause, beckoned to the chaplain to say grace, and courteously waved her hand as a signal that the rest of the select circle might be seated too. Covers were raised, and clouds of steam arose from savoury turkeys,

capons, pasties, and pies, flanked by great silver tankards of ale, and quaintly shaped bottles of rare wine. Her Majesty's appetite bore testimony to the length of her journey since dinner, and her courtiers were not slow to imitate the royal example. In the hall adjoining, where the gentlemen of the Queen's household were feasting, the minstrels continued to play throughout the repast, and afterwards, the door of communication being thrown open, some among the company sung madrigals and canons, to which her Majesty listened with marked attention and pleasure until half-past ten, when she rose and retired, attended by the noble host to the foot of the staircase, and by the Lady Montacute and the Lady Dormer to the door of her sleeping apartment. From that moment the principal apartments were as silent as if no revelry had taken place, and no unusual guests were within the walls. The great hall was cleared of its inmates, and the serving men had all retired to their own hall, at a remote corner of the building; there, indeed, the sounds of unrestrained mirth and conviviality continued for some time longer, and the great clock had struck twelve before the hospitalities of the numerous domestics had ended.

In a book kept at Easebourne Priory may be read, in the handwriting of Lord Montacute, in 1595, "orders and rules for the direction of his household and family, with a list of the officers (to the number of forty) and other servants."

"The next day (being Sunday)," says the chronicler, "her Majesty was most royally feasted; the proportion of breakfast was, three oxen and one hundred and forty geese." We may be disposed to think that this "proportion" of oxen and geese, for breakfast, was "out of all fair proportion;" but we must bear in mind the fact that the establishment at Cowdray was always on a magnificent scale, and that, with the addition of the royal party, the inmates may probably have numbered two hundred mouths at least. It also occurs to us that the day, "being Sunday," might have been more honoured if her Majesty and her retinue had been less boisterously entertained. Such invasions of the peaceful day of rest do not mark the progresses of Queen Victoria.

"On Monday morning at eight," continues the chronicler, "the Queen rode in the park. A nymph emerged from a delicate bower, and, with a sweet song, presented her Majesty with a cross-bow, with which she killed three or four deer, placed in a paddock for the occasion, and the Countess of Kildare shot one. After dinner, about six o'clock, the Queen mounted to one of the turrets of Cowdray, and witnessed sixteen bucks pulled down by greyhounds on a launde (lawn), all having fair lawe." The days of the week passed merrily, every day bringing some new surprise, planned for the royal guest's amusement; fulsome orations, delivered by persons in various disguises, the characteristic pastime of the period, were the order of the day. At one place "she was met by a pilgrim, clad in russet velvet, with scallop shells of cloth of silver, who led the way to an oak, upon which were displayed the Queen's Arms and those of the nobility and gentry of the shire, all hanged in escutcheons, most beauti-

ful; and these shall remain on the oak, and there hang till they cannot hang together one piece by another. At another place, a wild man clad in ivy started forth and delivered his oration; and at a goodly fish-pond an angler did the same."

On Tuesday, the 18th, the Queen visited Easebourne Priory, where "my lord himself kept house, and she and her lordes were bountifully feasted."*

Thus the sunny days of August glided away. On the evening of the last day of the royal visit, and after the banquet, the country people were allowed admission to the grounds, and even "to present themselves before the Queen in a pleasant dance with tabor and pipe, and the Lord Montacute and his lady among them, to the great pleasure of all beholders, and gentle applause of her Majesty." A truly English scene this must have been—one that must have rejoiced every English heart; the highest and the lowest in the realm united for the time by the flowery bands of social concord. Doubtless it was a day noted in every household calendar for many a year; doubtless the incidents of that memorable evening were dwelt on and related in after years by grandmothers and great-grandmothers who had "danced before the Queen, side by side with my lord and my lady! and been so close to her Majesty as to count the points in the ruff she wore round her neck, and the jewels in her boddice."

On the following morning her Majesty was to depart, and at an early hour the sheriff of the shire, Robert Lindsay, with his train, arrived at Cowdray, ready to conduct the royal party towards Chichester—not before her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir George Browne, (the second son of Lord Montacute,) and four other gentlemen. The ceremony being over, the Queen mounted her horse and took her departure. In addition to her numerous retinue, the Lord Montacute and his sons, and the sheriff with his followers, joined the cavalcade, as far as "the dining place" on the road to Chichester, the distance of that city from Cowdray being twelve miles.

Thus ended the royal visit to Cowdray House. That such visits were regarded by the nobility and gentry as conferring on them an honourable distinction, we can scarcely doubt. Yet it was an honour which was sometimes rather burthensome than otherwise. Of this there is proof on record. In the year 1577 Lord Buckhurst was expecting a visit from her Majesty at his new house at Southover, near Lewes. The project was stopped by the plague, but not before great preparations had been made by his lordship, who, in a letter to the Earl of Sussex, in July of that year, "requests to know when the Queen was likely to come to his house at Lewes, and how long she would tarry there, as he wished to make fit preparations; and, having already sent for provisions into Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, he had found all places fully possessed by Lords Arundel, Montague, and others, so, of force, he was to send into Flanders, which he would speedily do if the time of her Majesty's coming and tarriance with him were certain."

* See "Nichols' Progresses," iii, 90, and Sussex Archaeological Coll, v. 186.

VARIETIES.

ASCENT OF MONT PELVOUX.—Mr. Edward Whymper describes the ascent of the Pic d'Arcine, the highest point of Mont Pelvoux in the French Alps. "I was accompanied by Mr. R. Macdonald and M. Jean Reynaud, with a porter from the Valley of La Pisse, who had been on one of the lower peaks. Three days were occupied in the excursion, and we passed two nights on the rocks—the first at an elevation of about 8000 and the second of 10,400 English feet. The summit is a dome of ice covered with snow, rising from a plateau about 600 feet below. To reach this plateau took us from a quarter past four A.M., until a quarter to one, from our first station, and at a quarter to two we stood on the summit. Among the most prominent mountains seen were Mont Blanc, the Oberland group, Monte Rosa, and the Viso. Close at hand a very high peak, in the Valley of St. Christophe, seemed to dispute the supremacy of Mont Pelvoux; it was decidedly higher than Monte Viso. The cairn erected in 1828 by the French Captain Durand is still standing on an adjoining but lower peak, and we have reason to believe that we were the first to stand on the top of the highest mountain in France Proper."

WHITEBAIT DINNER.—The ministerial dinner at the close of the session dates as far back as the time of Pitt. Sir Robert Preston, East India merchant, and M.P. for Dover, had a cottage at Dagenham, in Essex, whither he sometimes used to escape from the toils of political and mercantile life. His most frequent guest was Mr. Rose, Secretary to the Treasury. On one occasion the two invited their mutual friend Mr. Pitt, who was then Premier, to join them. He was so pleased with his reception that he accepted an invitation for the next year. The meeting of the three friends became annual. Lords Camden and Farnborough joined the party a few years afterwards, and the place of meeting was transferred to Greenwich, and the cost of the entertainment was defrayed by the several guests, though Sir Robert always insisted upon providing buck and champagne. This meeting, at first purely gastronomic, with some modifications, soon became a regular established ministerial dinner, always held at the end of the session.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.—The value to be placed upon the popular notion that if it rains upon the 15th of July it will do so for the forty succeeding days, may be learnt from the following facts, from the Greenwich observations for the last twenty years. It appears that St. Swithin's day was wet in 1841, and there were 23 rainy days up to the 24th of August; 1845, 26 rainy days; 1851, 13 rainy days; 1853, 18 rainy days; 1854, 16 rainy days; and in 1856, 14 rainy days. In 1842 and following years St. Swithin's day was dry, and the result was in 1842, 12 rainy days; 1843, 22 rainy days; 1844, 20 rainy days; 1846, 21 rainy days; 1847, 17 rainy days; 1848, 31 rainy days; 1849, 20 rainy days; 1850, 17 rainy days; 1852, 19 rainy days; 1855, 18 rainy days; 1857, 14 rainy days; 1858, 14 rainy days; 1859, 13 rainy days; and in 1860, 29 rainy days. These figures show the superstition to be founded on a fallacy, as the average of twenty years proves rain to have fallen upon the largest number of days when St. Swithin's day was dry.

DEBTS.—He had a horror of incurring debts, and could not endure to owe anything. Generous to the poor, simple in his requirements, frugal in his own personal expenses, and detesting all ostentation, he had no love of money. So little indeed did pecuniary matters occupy his mind, that he frequently forgot the amount of our property, and asked me, "How much have we? Write it in my memorandum-book." He never would enter into any speculation. In the early part of our married life, from a desire to assist others we lost large sums, our confidence being abused by unprincipled persons. We were also misled as to investments; this had the effect of making us thenceforth constant to the English funds, "the amiable Three per Cents," as Sydney Smith called them.—*Memoirs of Dr. Marshall Hall, by his Widow.*